

Geocache description

Cold, wrinkled, and with two trails of blood coming out of his chest and head, tangled in water lilies. That's how Jerome's body was found in the river...

And a woman is to blame.

Hello, my name is Serenac and I am the detective investigating this case. After running through all of the circumstances and details of Jerome's life and death, I narrowed down the suspects list down to three people.

The Wicked is a bitter, penniless woman in her eighties, who roams around the city just to admire the scenery and browse for new art expos. She may have few assets to her name, but she sure holds a lot of secrets. One too many, Jerome would say.

The Liar grabs everyone's attention when she passes by. Beautiful, smart, cunning and resentful of the life she could have had if not for her late husband, Jerome. People wonder how far this school teacher is able to go for finally having things her way...

Finally, **The Selfish** is an eleven year old child prodigy that does impressionist paintings like no other. Her painting partner, Jerome, constantly compared her to Monet himself. She even painted her own version of "Black Water Lilies", a fabled work of Monet that collectors all around the world would die, or kill, to get their hands on.

Can you help me solve this crime?

The Wicked's confession - 1st cache

Please, just leave me alone! Why in this day and age am I being bothered by you and all these people?!

Look, of course I am a big fan of plastic arts, and I am also a professional at it. And yes, Monet is indeed my favourite, always has been. It is exactly due to this that I can tell you with absolute certainty that he has never, *ever* painted the Black Water Lilies.

I admit Jerome got a little impressed by that child's painting, and if I am being honest, I was very proud of it. It looks like Monet himself painted it.

I needed to have it with me.

And I do, hah! It is hidden somewhere, and I have no intention to tell you where.

But I must say that I did *not* steal it! It was never Jerome's, and he did not die because I wanted to keep this secret.

Now, you need to leave. Go read Fannette's confession, or Stephanie's. They may have something for you...

The Selfish's confession - 2nd cache

So you know?! You know that I painted the Black Water Lilies, right?! Heheee~

Well, people *aaaal*ways compliment what I paint. Jerome said that my water lilies looked exactly like Monet's, my favourite artist of all time! I want to be just like him, and I know I can be.

I love painting sooo much and there is nothing else I want to do in my day. My parents don't really care, I can stay away from the house as long as I like. They just care when I need money for my painting stuff, saying that I am selfish and only think about my own interests...

Actually, Jerome is the only one that cares about me. He also loves to paint, so we have that in common.

But... b-but... I am afraid that he is going to leave me too...

Sorry about that, anyway. Where was I? Ah yes, about my masterpiece. I am not sharing my Black Water Lilies with a-ny-one! So just stop asking me about it.

Go talk with someone else!

The Liar's confession - 3rd cache

Judge me if you want, I don't care. I know that I don't look devastated by my husband's death.

Of course I am sad, mourning and all that... but please try to understand! He made me into a very, very miserable woman and I am relieved to not have to play that part again.

I mean, let's be honest. I have good looks. I have the brains. And you may not be aware of it yet, but I have talent. People say I am delusional about this... but am I? Maybe I just know my worth.

I see how the men at school look at me, desiring me as some sort of forbidden fruit. I know how well I do at my job. And God knows my paintings are top tier... or were.

Why did I end up as a housewife and a part-time teacher then, you ask?

Because I was needy. Needy enough to keep Jerome by my side all of this time. On top of that, I was too scared to lose him and be alone.

Well, losing him and thinking of his death does feel scary...

I am sad, I really am. About everything.

But I will be fine. Maybe I will take a break from my job as an art teacher, and find myself as an artist again. And now that I don't have to do his chores on top of mine, I will have plenty of time and freedom for that.

Oh, by the way. I know who killed Jerome.

Would you like to find out? Keep going with the investigation.

The final confession - 4th cache

We meet again, my snoopy friend.

It is me, The Wicked.

I don't know if you have figured that out already, but there are no three suspects of the murder. Only one.

Here is the thing... I am the murderer.

So is Fannette. And so is Stephanie.

Because we are all the same person.

I met Jerome when we were kids and we would spend the day painting at the park, near the same river where he was found. At that time he was sooo obsessed with me! He would follow me everywhere.

Actually, Jerome was the one that came up with my artistic name, Fanette.

You see, I was a very lonely child, neglected by my parents, and did nothing but to hold on to my dream of being a famous painter. So, naturally, I got attached to Jerome as well.

We grew up, became adults, his obsession and my attachment turned into a mature love. And, yes, eventually we got married.

But that sweet, caring boy became a man. And men want to have nurturing, subservient, fertile wives. A successful artist? Even more successful than him? That can't even have kids? That could not be.

So yes, I became the housewife he always wanted, while trying to hold a job as an art teacher at a local school. Being around children to compensate for my inability to have one myself, I guess.

In addition to getting those seductive eyes from male coworkers and parents. So good, so validating... But it was just for fun, don't worry.

God, I hated Jerome! Hated him for making me into this pitiful version of myself! I would often stare at my Black Water Lilies (and I still do) and wonder what kind of life I could have had...

My last straw was when I found out that he was cheating on me.

After stripping me away from my youth, my talent and my glow... he decided that I was not enough for him? Because I became "boring" and could not conceive? No. Hell no!

When I was still Stephanie, I decided that it was time for him to go. A blow to the head, and a knife to the chest, and he was gone. It was that easy...

And no one ever found out, until now.

But please, I am already too old and tired.

The whole taking a break from school to find myself was just a naive dream that didn't last for long. Soon the bills got bigger, the money got shorter, and there was no more inheritance left. I came from a poor family, had no connections, and no way to break through the painting scene...

So I went back to school. At least I was finally a full-time teacher. Kept studying, got some academic degrees, and I taught art until I retired a couple of decades ago.

There is nothing left for me, except my lilies. I told you I didn't steal the lilies, and Jerome's death had nothing to do with it. Well, maybe a little...

Why don't you just leave me and my painting alone? I am sure Serenac will agree with it.

Off you go now. Thank you.